# Sing For Your Supper

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# Sing For Your Supper

by slimylegs

Summary

"If you can't beat Hannibal Lecter, join him." AKA Alana walks in on Hannigram getting freaky in the kitchen before dinner.

Notes

I'm very new to this fandom, so apologies. I tried my best to come up with something intelligible and worthwhile. I'm only on season two of Hannibal which I promptly binged last night/early this morning. I have had a total of zero hours of sleep, ate four eggs, and had one iced coffee. I am dying, please shoot me, but I hope you all enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes

Alana was fed up.

She'd constantly been on edge since Will had gotten out of jail, well, the psychiatric facility. He'd tried to have Hannibal killed for god's sake, who knew what he'd do next? Especially when he now had the freedom to roam. She didn't know what to think anymore and now Freddie Lounds was on her ass, accusing her of what - being some sort of whore? How dare she insinuate, no, openly state that she'd been sleeping with one of them or hell, the both of them. Where did she get the nerve? She knew Freddie had minimal if any boundaries, but this felt like it was pushing it, even for her.

She lets out a huff of breath as she adjusts her coat, shaking her head and brushing her dark hair out of her face. She knows she doesn't need to be getting so worked up, she wasn't ready to have that conversion with Hannibal *or* Will, damn her for choosing an expert psychiatrist for a lover and a criminal profiler, probable psychopath, as an almost-lover. Alana runs one of her hands over the side of her face gently, careful not to disturb any makeup placed there earlier. She had a dinner to attend tonight, and by God, if she wasn't itching to crawl out of her skin at the thought of it.

Hannibal, Will, and her, all sat inside of Hannibal's home. Where she and Hannibal had done…unspeakable things, sharing the same space with Will as if he hadn't readily meant to cause harm, and it was on her to lie, to pretend, that the mere sight of him still sent shivers down her spine.

Surprisingly, the next few hours go by without her head combusting, though she supposes the few ibuprofens she'd taken were a big help in that, combined with a nice, hot shower. She slipped on one of her more casual dresses, a patterned number that didn't feel like it would crush her intestines or constrict her breath, though it still had a nice look to it. A dipping neckline, just enough to show what she felt comfortable with, something she hoped Hannibal would still admire despite his tastes being quite more elegant than this. Perhaps, Will would like it, too? She shakes her head at that sudden thought as if trying to shake it loose. Why would she need to worry about Will's attraction to her? Alana was with Hannibal. They were happy.

Will was a dangerous man. To her and others around him, including Hannibal.

Something about the thought of Will showing up at Hannibal's home irks her, a tingling starting at the base of her skull and traveling in waves throughout her body. What if he brought a weapon? What if he decided to show up early? What if they weren't on as good terms as Hannibal had been telling her? What if he was wrong?

What if Will decided to finish the job?

That's all it takes for her to hastily slip her heels on, grab her coat and sling it over her shoulders, and swipe her keys off of the counter as she rushes out of the front door, not even bothering to lock it behind her as she heads to her car.

Alana makes it to Hannibal's in what she notes as record timing, her heart pounding and stomach in knots. It doesn't help that when she pulls up, she spots Will's car parked in the driveway. He wasn't supposed to be here this early - she wasn't supposed to be here this early. Dinner wasn't for another couple of hours. Something was wrong, terribly, horribly wrong. She grips the steering wheel before trying to calm her breathing, shakily reaching for the ignition and twisting the key, the world around her turning momentarily silent, deafeningly so. She gulps, pushing open the door and sliding out before she walks up to the front.

She tries knocking but there's no answer.

Of course, sometimes Hannibal becomes absorbed in his cooking. He takes it very seriously, she'd witnessed it firsthand, after all. He also frequently liked to play a few classical tunes, ballads - but with Will here, the quietness is all that more jarring. She doesn't like it. So, without another word, she takes it upon herself to turn the knob, slipping in fast the opening in the door and closing it quietly behind her.

It was now or never.

She takes a few steps, cringing at the sound of her heels clicking against the floor, swiftly deciding on toeing them off and clutching them tightly in her hands. In her haste, she'd forgotten anything that could've been used for self-defense, she supposes they would do. She creeps closer, her throat tight and ears perked for any suspicious noises, and it doesn't take her long to hear exactly that.

At first, it's a whisper, a murmur in return, a strained voice, but then…

"*Ah*, H-Hannibal," A hiss.

"Keep still, Will. I've already told you once, don't you want to be good for me? My hand could slip if you're not careful, dear boy. We wouldn't want that, would we?"

"...n-no."

There's another sound, like a hitched breath, something that makes Alana's stomach flip. She steps closer, creeping until she can press against the edge of the doorway to peek into the kitchen, and her eyes nearly pop out of her skull.

Will, breathing roughly through his nose, bent over the counter with Hannibal standing over him. She could see the cutting board placed just inches away from his face, Hannibal's steady hand cutting at whatever chosen piece of meat he'd deemed worthy for their dinner. From the angle, she could see that Will's dress pants were around his ankles, Hannibal's apron hiked up and laid over the small of Will's back. Will's cheeks were flushed, a light sheen of sweat coating his forehead as he tried his best not to move or press back.

No.

No, no, no. This wasn't happening. This was some sort of nightmare. She must've fallen asleep back home. She'd wake up soon, a mess, but tucked into her bed. This would never see the light of day. Never, never, ever, never-

"Hannibal," Will groans, his tongue darting out to wet his lips, cheek pressed into the cold marble of the counter. "How…How long do I have to stay like this? Dinner's in a couple hours. What if Alana shows up early?" He grunts, trying his best to crane his neck and look up at the taller man from his position. "And my feet hurt."

“Patience, Will,” Hannibal responds, not even sparing the man beneath him a glance as he lays each expertly sliced piece of flesh into a ceramic dish, humming to himself as he reaches for an array of vegetables. “I assure you, there’s nothing to worry about.”

Alana can hear Will give what sounds like a sigh and watches the roll of his eyes as if it’s all one big inconvenience for him. What she can’t see, however, is how he purposely squeezes around Hannibal, causing the older man to falter and nick his finger, his upper lip twitching as he pulls it to his mouth. There’s a tenseness in the air now, it almost feels hard to breathe as she looks between the two men - and not only because one of the men was meant to be hers but because there was a large question mark. What would Hannibal do?

Fortunately, or unfortunately, she doesn’t have to wait long for her answer, and neither does Will.

“I told you what would happen, Will. Did I not?”

Hannibal doesn’t give Will time to answer before he pushes the cutting board to the side, his chin raised. He’s leisurely about it, methodical, in a sense. It’s nearly unnerving. That makes when he seizes Will by his head of dark brown curls all the more alarming. He yanks his head up, forcing the smaller man to arch his back as he’s pressed further into the counter. There was no doubt his hip bones would be bruised come the following morning. She can hear Will hiss again, his eyes squeezing shut for a moment before snapping back open when he feels pressure against his throat.

The knife.

The sight makes Alana want to scream, tears springing to her eyes and threatening to spill over. She couldn’t make sense of this. What was going on? What was this? Why was Hannibal holding a knife to Will’s throat? Why was she watching? Why did Will not seem to…hate it?

“You’re goin’ to have to try harder than that, Dr. Lecter,” He grits out, throat bobbing as he swallows thickly. “You’re forgetting. I know you. You don’t scare me.”

“Is that what you presume I’m doing, Will? Trying to frighten you?”

“Is it not?”

“I wouldn’t think so. You don’t seem very frightened,” He answers, pressing the sharp blade that much closer. “I assure you, Will. If I wanted your fear, I would have it.”

With that, Hannibal drops the blade, letting it fall to the floor with a deafening clang before he steps back, flips Will around and hoists him onto the counter, nearly knocking his head against the surface.

“Careful. Don’t you think you’ve messed my head up enough as is?”

Hannibal manages a short chuckle before he lifts Will’s legs and steps closer again, Will’s eyebrows raising and lips parting slightly as he slides back inside. Alana didn’t need to see it that closely to know, she’d made that same expression enough times herself.

“Bratty boy, we’ll have to do something about that mouth of yours soon, won’t we?”

“Eat me.”

Another laugh.

“Don’t tempt me, my darling boy.”

“You- *fuck*!” Will begins before he’s cut off by his own garbled noise, his thighs tensing.

“Language. I won’t have you speaking to me that way. I’m simply giving you what you want. Don’t be rude. You know how I feel about rudeness, Will.”

It was as if Hannibal was unaffected by the way he thrust into Will's reciprocating body, gripping his hips tightly and pulling him to the edge of the counter where he'd have no chance to escape the onslaught. Will was much more brash, his hands scrambling for purchase over the smooth counter, knocking over vessels of seasonings, a multitude of vegetables left unattended, and one of the two partially full wine glasses sat on the edge, causing it to tumble to the floor, bursting into shards and causing a deep red puddle to form just below their moving bodies.

"Hannibal, Hannibal, Hannibal," Will chants, almost like a prayer as he drags the older man closer, his eyes shutting again. When he opens his eyes again, Alana isn't sure how to explain what she sees in them, it's almost as if Will is witnessing a god before him. "O-*Oh* …God!"

How ironic, she thought. It would almost be enough to make her laugh if she didn't feel her heart crumbling to bits and the overwhelming heat of humiliation coating her cheeks.

"Will," Hannibal grunts, leaning his head back as he drives into Will deeper, his upper lip raising again into a partial snarl. "Will, have you…have you ever heard of the psychologist Erich Fromm? I'm…reminded of his words at this moment. Often, when I'm with you and how some of his…teachings could relate to our lives, and many others…"

"Han- wh…what?" Will manages to croak out, a too-glazed look in his eyes to fully comprehend what's being said to him as Hannibal presses into that spot deep inside of him over and over again.

"There is hardly any activity, any enterprise, which is started out with such tremendous hopes and expectations, and yet which fails so regularly, as love." He pants out, rolling his shoulders before he doubles his efforts, moving to grip Will by his shoulder and pull him close, tucking his face against the crook of his neck and shoulder and inhaling deeply. "I hope…I have exceeded many of your hopes and expectations of me, Will."

That forces a laugh from Will, his body shaking with it, though it's interrupted by a flurry of moans and groans as Hannibal lifts him off of the counter, forcing him to wrap his legs around his waist as he sinks deeper onto his cock. "I-Is that what this is, Hannibal? Love?" He chokes out. "I-I'd sooner believe you want to- *ah*, consume me whole. I don't think I'm that far off."

“Well, there is another intelligent quote, from Diogenes, a Greek philosopher. Love comes with hunger. I believe they are one in the same,” He chuckles, Will shakily laughing along with him until he’s practically slammed against the pathway towards the main room, just mere inches away from where Alana stood.

She knew he wasn’t that stupid or unaware, yet her stomach still sank when his eyes flicked up to meet her own.

“True wisdom comes to each of us when we realize how little we understand about life, ourselves, and the world around us. Socrates,” He spouts, his eyes boring into hers as he continues pumping into Will, the other man’s moans echoing off of the walls of the kitchen, his nails digging into Hannibal’s back and leaving long stripes of red that he’d wear with pride until they faded away. “Wisdom comes alone through suffering. Aeschylus.”

She understood that those last words were meant for her, not Will Graham lost to his mindless pleasure in Hannibal’s arms.

She takes a step back, towards the door.

Hannibal’s eyes begin to slip closed as he leans into Will further, his lips pressing against his reddened ear. “My mylimasis.” He whispers.

“Han- *Hannibal*! I’m-...I’m cumming!” Will gasped, gritting his teeth and arching off of the smooth surface he was pressed against, the indents from the wood patterned against the pale skin of his back.

Alana opens the door and steps through just as she hears Hannibal’s response.

“Go on, cum for me, Will,” He commands breathlessly. “Niekada nesutiksiu kito tavęs, kuris skirtas man, mielas berniuk. Tu esi mano pradžia ir pabaiga.”

She didn’t understand but she knew that it wasn’t for her either.

She leaves.

End Notes

Surprise, surprise, I do not know Lithuanian! So, it's Google Translate and most likely, horribly butchered, but I'll give you guys the translation of what is supposed to be being said.

"Niekada nesutiksiu kito tavęs, kuris skirtas man, mielas berniuk. Tu esi mano pradžia ir pabaiga." = "I shall never meet another you that is for me, sweet boy. You are my beginning and my end."

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